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New York.

ARTEMUS WARD

VISITS BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well, remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N. B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & Scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott thare was a lot of U S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned Ide willinly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on BRIGHAM YUNG, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits & sed.

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "Ime on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister WARD. I sertinly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squakwin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy & sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intenshuns, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze ritins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister WARD," sed YUNG.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister WARD," sed YUNG, "I hev eighty more in varis parts of this conscrecated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starein at him.

"Sealed, Sir, sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will thay probly continue on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You air old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister YUNG.

"Long may they wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I dident look out.

In a privit conversashun with BRIGHAM I lernt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't hev a minits peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit & when too of um git into a row he has um turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulld the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflictid with mop-handles, broom-sticks & sich. Occashunly thay git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, dresst in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish Ide remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tarvern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormins, which thay surroundid me & statid that thay was goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooul who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, Ile let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. WARD's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollerd a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?" sez I, gittin putty riley. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizniss, subjeck only to the Konstitushun of the Unitid Staits!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femailes, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvin stile. "Becum I of us. Becum a Preest, & hev wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horrer at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd," stay, & Ile be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh BETSY JANE! [N. B. BETSY JANE is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil crltters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile.

mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I gird up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipund a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

ARTEMUS WARD.

SURSUM RECORDER.

Recorders are high and mighty personages. Recorders are supposed to know everything from the Rule of Three up. We are partial to Recorders. BARNARD is a Recorder. That's why we love him so. But much as we love BARNARD our affection for the friend of MUNDA does not equal that which we entertain for SMITH. SMITH is an ex-Recorder. That's why we love SMITH more than BARNARD. Besides, SMITH, like most other men is mortal and so prone to error, both weaknesses which BARNARD was never accused of indulging in. The liability to err on the part of SMITH produces queer results sometimes. SMITH makes frightful blunders in such matters as geography, truth "and sich." Week before last, for instance, SMITH had the case of ENRIGHT and STEWART to attend to in the court of Oyer and Terminer. ENRIGHT and STEWART amused themselves, not long ago, by manslaughtering one HORRIGAN, conjointly. This species of enjoyment not being relished by the authorities, ENRIGHT and STEWART were arrested and put in prison or held to bail, or something. ENRIGHT and STEWART thought it would be all-right if they engaged ex-Recorder SMITH to defend them. They did engage ex-Recorder SMITH. And it is all wrong. When the case was called, the ex-Recorder asked for a postponement on the ground that a very important witness, JOHN WELCH, a sailor, was absent on a voyage to Ireland, and that his testimony was an absolute necessity to do justice to Messrs. STEWART and ENRIGHT, the elegant and accomplished prisoners. A moment after entering this plea the ex-Recorder changed his mind. The indispensable witness was not absent on a voyage to Ireland. He had gone to New Orleans. In the affidavit which the ex-Recorder now began to prepare, he changed his mind again. JOHN WELCH *had* gone to Ireland. Gone in the steamship Connaught some three weeks ago. The steamship Connaught was burnt to the water's edge "some three weeks ago" near Boston, on her return *from* Ireland. This little matter did not concern the ex-Recorder in the least. He persisted in his original statement. In the meantime some enterprising reporter found out that JOHN WELCH aforesaid had not sailed in the Connaught or any other vessel but had been for some three weeks acting as porter at the Astor House. For a time this made it look bad for the ex-Recorder. But the ex-Recorder was not to be overcome by a common reporter. The ex-Recorder squelched the common reporter utterly by stating next day in open court that the affidavit should have read that the witness had left *for* Connaught, and not that he had sailed *in the* Connaught. What did the ex-Recorder care for the fact that Connaught is not a seaport town, that it is not a town at all, that it is a large province, in fact, so long as he used up the common reporter? Not a darn. Why should he care about a common reporter anyway, if the astute GOULD, Judge of the Oyer and Terminer, accepted the affidavit as satisfactory? And the astute GOULD did accept the affidavit, and did postpone the case. This was not a very bright thing on the part of GOULD, to be sure, but then how could we expect brilliancy from him. The proverb "All that glitters is not Gould," must be familiar to every one by this time.

And here it is that we think large quantities of praise are due to the ex-Recorder. Had it not been for his indefatigable exertions the stupidity of the supreme official of our highest criminal court, the ignorance of our District Attorney of even the most important events of the day, and the generally distracting manner in which business is carried on in our so-called "Halls of Justice" would not have been brought to light. Wherefore we should be grateful to the ex-Recorder and permit him, with BARNARD, to have a share in our affections.

VERY ATTRACTIVE SALE.

We should think so:—read the following list:—

150 Very rich LUCIAS.
200 LEONORAS very desirable and scarce.
150 Extra rich and highly polished EUGENIES.
500 Heavy extra finished VIOLETTAS beautiful figures.
200 Splendid quality fresh MIRANDAS. Very expensive.
100 Magnificent figured MARCELLINAS. Very expensive.
100 Superbly lovely figured ISIDORAS. Extremely costly.
100 Soft wool CLARA BELLAS.
100 AURORAS still higher cost.

The larger proportion of these Goods are entire new styles, adapted to City Trade, and have never been offered at Private Sale.

Liable as foreigners are to err in their judgment of our Peculiar Institutions, assisted as they are by a willing and ready set of practical jokers, we are sorry to see leading papers under the Auction Sales headings, lending their aid to carry out Arrowsmiths like the above. What must be the opinion of an Englishman, of our Social life, when he reads—For Sale—

"100 Superbly lovely figured ISIDORAS. Extremely costly."

and this not at Newport where among the yachts for sail an expensive ISIDORA may be found, but in a busy market where the Auctioneer's hammer comes down practically to actual bids. It may be understood among Drygoods-ers that an ISIDORA is a piece of goods of such and such style, and so many yards, but with the majority of mankind the name suggests—well what does ISIDORA suggest? A subject for the poet, painter, photographer and philosopher of course:—and not the object for an auctioneer's hammer. VANITY FAIR would beg Messieurs the Foreign Manufacturers of Dress Goods, to give their attention to more familiar names among Americans, assuring them that by bestowing them correctly they would make Ten Strikes—thus an Invoice of

100 Colored DINAHS, warranted to wash.
50 Plain BIDDIES. Stout quality.
100 Light ABIGAILS. All colors.

if disposed of as Domestics, would prove a good venture.

Measure for Measure.

We read in *La Patrie* that "Prince M., of Palermo," lately sent his photograph, accompanied with a topographical survey of his person, to a well known Parisian tailor named HUMANN, with orders to give him, "Prince M.," fits according to measure.

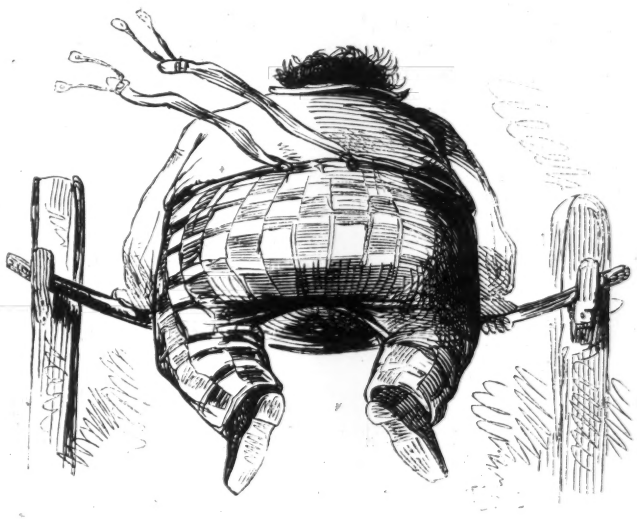
So far *La Patrie*; but our special correspondent at Palermo tells us more. From him we learn that, when HUMANN sent in his little bill for the clothes to "Prince M.," the latter noble person forwarded to him, by return of post, a check for the following amount:

"*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

This, of course, settled the little business at once—the "tailor's measure," as our correspondent says, "being nowhere beside the Prince's line."

How's this, World?

It is a somewhat singular fact, that although our pious cotemporary around the corner displays conspicuously in its heading, the motto "The Field is the World," it has never yet contained a single item of Sporting Intelligence.



HERR GRUFFENSTEIN, OF THE TURNVEREIN ASSOCIATION, IS VERY ANXIOUS TO HAVE A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF AS HE APPEARS IN ONE OF HIS FAMOUS FEATS; BUT, AS HE ALWAYS PERSISTS IN TAKING A WRONG TURN JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO BE TRANSFIGURED IN THE CAMERA, THE ABOVE IS THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF HIM THAT HAS YET BEEN OBTAINED.

Interesting to Sportsmen.

The ordinary, close-fitting pantaloons, as well as the old-fashioned knee-breeches and leggins, are giving way, in England, to the new article known as "Knickerbockers"—loose, short trousers, cut Zouave fashion, so as to close in just below the knee.

We were puzzled to account for the adoption of these ungainly garments by men who indulge in the luxury of shooting; but, on consideration, are inclined to suppose that it is because they Bag more than any other kind of trousers.

Worth Trying.

A western paper tells us that a lady residing at Toledo has been cured of consumption by a course of live frogs, taken internally.

How would it do to take one of our disunionist Croakers, and, following homœpathic principles, try whether his malady would not yield to a course of live frogs?

Fiat experimentum in corpore vili—let the Editor of the *Herald* swallow the first frog.

Useless.

Trying to catch the ferry-boat after it has started; in nine cases out of ten it will Give You the Slip.

From our Special Cockney

Good for a Cataract.
'Igh water.

LAMMING LAMARTINE.

Some young man of consumptive intellect who evidently has access to a French Dictionary, encloses the following to us with a request that we should "put her in type." We shall not say that he had not, prior to writing "her" read Mrs. ESTELLE A. LEWIS'S epistle from Paris to the *Home Journal*, in which she represents LAMARTINE as being in rags, tags and an extensively vexed spirit to boot. But to the young man's letter:

{ Numero 1482½ Bowerie,
{ NEW YORK, le 27 Oct. 1860.

MON PAUVRE LAMARTINE:—Je suis bien faché d'apprendre que vous êtes si malheureux par consequence de l'ingratitude d' un monde froid, cruel, et, enfin, sot comme un dindon. N'est-ce pas vrai? Sapristi! mon cher Alphonse, ça le fait mal pour vous.(1) J'entends que vous n'avez pas de savon,(2) donc c'est clair que vous êtes toujours dur en haut,(3) comme on dit chez nous. Mais, brave homme, courage! Ne cedez pas le navire! Restez tranquille! Ecrivez encore àpropos de vos amis, les nègres d'Hayti! Oubliez cet bête, votre tailleur, ce coquin, votre boulanger; et votre boucher aussi! J'etez leur demandes aux chiens! Sans doute, oieux garcon vous etiez un sanglant fou de n'avoir pas mis à part quelque chose pour un jour de pluie. Mais comme il est trop tard maintenant, tenez vos larmes, ou, comme dit nous autres Americaines, *dry up and bust*. Peutêtre vous croyez que nous avons allé dos sur vous; (4) on le fait quelque fois. Mais vos dents doivent être écorchés(5) par ce temps çi. V'yez vous?

Votre valet (DE PLACE), quand il était ici (c'est entre nous—comprenez) fait plusieurs grand fous de lui-même par son hauteur et son bottes poli.(6) Diantre! c'est le *swell cove!* Tout pour les tête-à-têtes avec les dames il étoit chaque soir au théâtre. Il buvait aussi du *brandy smash*, et tous les nuits n'était il pas *mops* et balais?(7) Je ne sais pas qu'est-ce que c'est qu'il faisait avec l'argent regu pour payer vos petits billets. (Par le par!(8) Sont-ils plus que sept dollaires par mois? Ici cette somme est la limite avec les redacteurs de nos journaux du soir.) Sans doute D. P. est un Grand Chose(9) c'etait grand malheur pour vos poches que vous n'ètiez par dans New York l'autre soir; ce que vous pourriez faire cinquante sous, par portant un flambeaux avec les Wide Awakes. Mais il faut que je finisse ma lettre parceque depuis le depart du correspondant du *Times*—Woods on l'apelle—les malles se ferment sans leur regularité usuel.

Enfin, LAMARTINE restez un peu froid! Je vois que vous avez dit que vous ne voulez pas venir en Amerique pour parler au publique (prix d'admission 25 sous, nègres et enfants demi prix, je pense) et vous avez raison. Parbleu! est-ce que LAMARTINE, le poëte, le grand, le faiseur de bon mots est aussi un "qu'est ce qu' c'est qu' ça?" (10) un "que peut-ils être?" Impossible! jamais! Dieu nous en garde! Vous êtes pauvre mais vous n' êtes pas un "qu'est qu' c'est qu' ça?" Donc tenez un ferme levre (11) superieure; criez "Bully pour vous," et croyez moi toujours.

Le Vôtre,
JOSEY BRINDLES.

MONSIEUR A. LAMARTINE, Paris,

Our Book Notices.

In foreign literature, the most noticeable book of the season, perhaps, is one lately published in London by Lady CHARLOTTE PEPYS, under the title of "A Journey on a Plank, from KIEV to EAUX BONNES."

The London press does not speak very highly of this book; and yet, in taking a "A Journey on a Plank," one might naturally expect to find a good Deal in it.

Theatrical.

The original *Prima Donna*—EVE.

NOTE 1. Our young friend has evidently picked up a great deal of inelegant slang. We understand from our office boy that the expression "This makes it bad for you," is very popular in the Bowery latitudes.

NOTE 2. *Savon*—the French for soap, you know.

NOTE 3. *Dur en haut*—"Hard up." A very soft way of explaining the case, also indigenous to the Bowery.

NOTE 4. *Alle dos-sur vous*—"Gone back on you," whatever that is.

NOTE 5. *Vos dents doivent etre ecorches*—"Your teeth ought to be skinned." Heavens!

NOTE 6. *Bottes poli.* By polite boots our correspondent evidently refers to some that had been made by an affable cordwainer.

NOTE 7. *Mops et balais.* Possibly J. BRINDLES forgot to obtain sufficient Parisian for "mops," so he spoke it in "de Inglese."

NOTE 8. *Par le par*—"By-the-bye." Did you ever!

NOTE 9. He appears to consider D. P. a "Big Thing."

NOTE 10. *Qu'est ce qu'c'est qu'ca?*—"What Is It?"

NOTE 11. *Tenez un-ferme levre' superieure.* In trying to translate this we have reduced ourselves to a state of gibbering idiocy. The reader will therefore have to find out the meaning for himself. ED. V. F.

UP TO THE TIME OF DAY.

If the average American man is Wide Awake in this our time of day, O! isn't the average American woman? It is only a day or two since the austere tranquillity of the Fulton-street prayer meeting was ruptured by a large, bony, stentorian, female person, who, after being informed that the rules of the meeting excluded her from a display of her oratorical powers within its precincts, declared in square language that, although thoroughly converted, and quite good, in fact, she'd never come near *that* place again.

But, rejecting large, bony, stentorian, female person, let us look into bright, irridescent Broadway, ever at its brightest, like the day about an hour or so before the sun goes down, and see whether its loveliness is not also wide awake, and up to the time o' day. I should think it was. Indeed, judging from the manner in which some of our nicest girls are recklessly converting themselves into hour-glasses, as shown in the annexed sketch,

WAISTING AWAY.

we should say that "up to the time o' day" is but a weak expression of their intentions.

It may be ruthless to say a severe thing of the dear dissemblers; it may be rash; but it "must be did." Here goes, then. The reason why our girls convert themselves into Hour Glasses is a political one; it is in order that they may correspond with the Minute Men of the processional societies.

TALL WRITING.

BY OUR SPECIAL GRUMBLER.

It may be owing to the influence of what is called the "current literature" of our time and country, it may be owing to defective system in the seminaries where American women are educated, or it may be owing to a combination of commercial crisis with aurora borealis, but, at any rate it's the fact, that American women, generally, are falling sadly from the high position lately held by educated dames as the jewel of private correspondents. The scores of letters that we used to receive from the American woman before there was much "current literature" to excite her emulation, were models of straight-forward, unaffected talk. She did not want to have it published, any more than she wanted a couple of stenographic reporters to "take her down" when she undertook to objurgate Biddy, the cook. Therefore it was straight-forward therefore it was unaffected, therefore it was charming. Now-a-days the American woman's letter is a bunch of unripe currants from the tree of "current literature." The most commonplace occurrences are clothed by her in sentiment of LAURA MATILDA-color, trimmed with new adjectives. She couldn't call the ace of spades anything short of the "unit of cultivating-irons" for the world, lest her letter might get into print, and be short of the mark before the public eye. She wants to be FANNY FERN or something, O dear!

From a batch of *published* "private letters" kindly clipped from a newspaper for us by a correspondent, we select one, purporting to be from an American lady to her husband, and sufficiently illustrative of the drift of our remarks—particularly as it refers to a snow storm. Here it is.

"*Dear* ——: Eight inches of snow on the ground this morning!

"While you in New York are grumbling at the keen wintry air, and the clouds of dust picked up from the streets by an unseen hand and hurled into your faces, we, up in the mountains, look out upon a picture serene as holiness. A mantle of purest white, wove from the clouds, has been thrown over the earth while we slept. No drifting—it must have fallen as gently as the dreams of our babes.

"Our blessed country-wed boys, who agreed to go contentedly to New York for the Winter if we would let them take a box of white snow and their painted sled, are wild with delight. Old Newfoundland stands harnessed to their sled at the door, glad of the frolic. The boys have just put on mittens and comforters—off they bound over the lawn. Ah, it's a sweet picture to see—you must come home.

"Can it be that any titled boy Prince, with the world's shoutings deafening his young ears, can be as happy as these untitled, ruddy cheeked boys?"

At the risk of offending somebody, we must enter a remonstrance against the cultivation of "tall writing," of which the foregoing is a pretty fair average example. There is a charm about correct grammar, and especially about a proper appreciation of the participles, that the Brightest and Best Society would do well to cultivate. That charm is not invariably the companion of "tall writing." There is also a charm in terse elegance of expression. That charm is *never* the companion of "tall writing." Let us take the above letter, for example, and see whether the sentiment of it will be any the worse for being couched in familiar English.

"DEAR JOHN.—The ground is covered with snow, this morning, to the depth of about eight inches—and that in October!

"And yet we pity you in New York, where the weather is probably as cold as it is up here in the mountains, and you have dust to encounter instead of snow. Do not call me a little goose, now, for being poetical, but really as I looked out upon the table-land below our house this morning, I could not help comparing its fresh covering of snow to a new, clean table-cloth, economised (not *wove*) out of a piece of white cloud. I also compared it, mentally, to a fall of babies fast asleep.

"Our excellent boys, so happy with their rustic little wives, (that's the nearest we can get to *country-wed* V. F.) who said they wouldn't mind going to New York if we would let them take a box of white snow there (*black* would pay better, ask BARNUM, ED. V. F.); are in excellent spirits. Old Boxer, harnessed to the painted sled, is wagging his tail furiously at the prospects of a romp. GEORGE BOUGHTON could make a beautiful picture of the scene; only he is in Paris, now, talking French.

"I wonder, whether the young Prince of Wales is as happy as these rustical, ruddy-faced lads of ours? Perhaps he is, for he has an affectionate mother, and, I believe, a fond father, and there can be no just reason for supposing that these circumstances are calculated to render a Prince miserable."

When our own Brightest and Best writes to us—if she ever does again, after *this*—we trust that she will embody her sentiments in some such practical language as every sensible power of education can command. Otherwise, that she will invariably enclose a number of red stamps in her epistles, to liquidate the sale on expenses necessarily incurred for antidotes, by the wretched person condemned to the perusal of her "tall writing."

TOO BAD!

"MY DEAR VANITY:—As a Republican, I subscribed for the *Tribune* as a Republican I have read it. I was one of those who believed in H. G., and during his troubles as a "gentleman from Oregon," I did him some service in a speech or two; what then was my astonishment when I took up the *Tribune* the other morning and found this evidence of HORACE'S apostasy:

"It is undeniably true that splitting rails never qualifies a man for the Presidency—so let that point be deemed settled. Many a man has split more rails—perhaps better ones—*than Abraham Lincoln, who never will be President, and never ought to be.*"

ABRAM LINCOLN never be President? Oh, HORACE! HORACE! was it for this, that I did the nice thing for you in that speech of mine? was it for this that I suffered the taunts and witticisms of BROWN, who is a SEWARD man, and "did'nt believe in H. G.?"

Please, Mr. VANITY, tend to HORACE, and oblige yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN GREEN.

Irish Conversational Weapons.

Arrah's!

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

To our innumerable correspondents on the subject of Chess, we must content ourselves, at present, with stating, in the words of the shark when he swallowed the shoemaker—"your Last shall be carefully digested." This is a general notice. Specially we will reply to X, that although a King can check a King, Mr. PAUL MORPHY does not invariably wear plaid trowsers. "Problem" asks our opinion of "White to Black, mating on a particular square." We do not go in for amalgamation, but think Tomkins Square might be about the mark. He also inquires whether—"baiting your hook with Q you can take R for Black?" For a reply to this, we must refer him to BERGER, the French *maître du carom*, who being a Shepherd, of course has a Hook, and, who knows all about a Q. Our chess readers will be interested in the accompanying diagram.

THE LONGEST CHECK ON RECORD.

Salad for the Solitary.

Why was THACKERAY's last literary quarrel quite a *crusade?* Because it roused a great *Sala-din.*

WHITBECK ON THE HALF-SHELL.

Every newspaper taken up by us for about a month past contained some account of, or allusion to, a river of great virtue running through a district of the shire of Cumberland, England senior. The stream in question is called the Whitbeck, and its virtue consists in a mild impregnation of arsenic—so mild that anything except a duck, or a trout, will live in it. Upon the dwellers by the purling Whitbeck, the effects of the redoubtable mineral thus held in solution by its waters are promiscuously beneficial. People who came to Whitbeck several hundred years ago, and drank perennially of its charmed waters, might have been alive now if they hadn't died of something else than arsenic, so miraculous are its effects in prolonging life. Ugly children, who came into the world with pug noses and pig eyes, always grow up to be very handsome people, unless they emigrate from Whitbeck in their early infancy. The old women of Whitbeck are so young and handsome, it is dangerous for men under three or four hundred years of age to go around much at Whitbeck. There are several other advantages possessed by Whitbeck, on account of arsenic, which keeps everything there bright, and sweet, and handsome upon the half-shell.

As the *Great Eastern* is lying idle just now, why not charter her for regular excursions from New York to Whitbeck? Wouldn't she be full every trip! for lots of people want to be young and handsome upon the half-shell. And the passenger list of the G. E. would be quite a "happy family" announcement, so it would: ABE LINCOLN and the Editor of the *Herald*; a heavy selection from the RENFREW Ball committee, and another from the Corporation; GERARD; the "What Is It?" and a host of others. All the unmarketable spinsters, too. But, hold; if we go on at this rate, a fleet of *Great Easterns* will be required for our transport!

We are not a bit conceited about our own personal appearance; neither are we blind to the advancing footsteps of the crow upon the highway of our countenance, and the remarkable rapidity of the silver—quick silver, truly—in its alchemisation of our hair; but we *will* say that, rather than take one of those excursion trips *out*, in the G. E., or any other ship, we would see the Whitbeck particularly well—bottled off by BARNUM, and sold here at a dollar a bottle, to make us young upon the spot, and elegant, and handsome upon the half-shell.

The voyage *home*, after a month at Whitbeck, would of course, be a very different sort of thing. WALT WHITMAN himself could hardly catalogue the probable delights of it. Elfland, Elysium, Lalla Rookh, ducks and green peas, Madeline the *battle*, Shrewsbury oysters, you, whoever you are, ourselves—all upon the half-shell, would be nothing to it.

WHITMAN, indeed, should be the bard of Whitbeck, the newly-published fountain of perpetual delight. Let us hope that he will indulge us with a hymn to the arsenicated Undine of the rejuvenating river; or with an epigraph upon the Palingenesy, as illustrated in the history of Whitbeck on the Half-Shell.

"Powder."

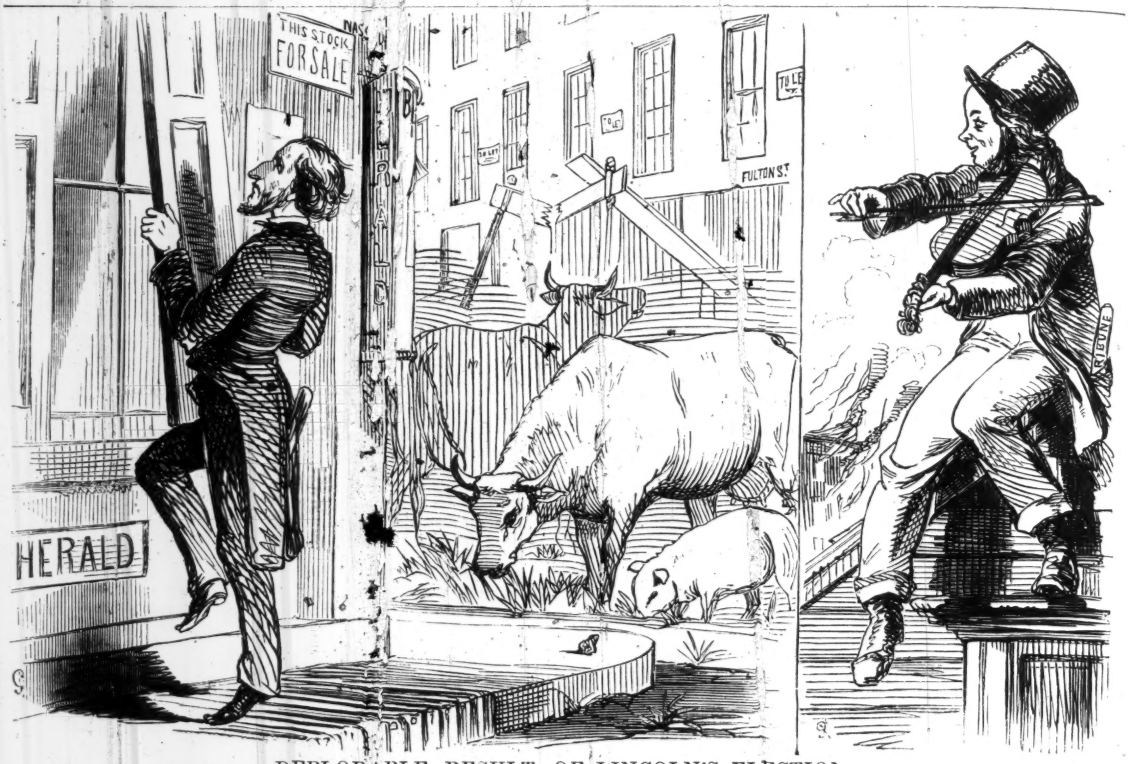
We think a good deal of ourselves, here at New York, and yet, in the matter of real curiosities, we are immensely behind many tight little provincial places, that are never heard of until they come to light in some such newspaper item as the following:

POWDER.—The powder used at Old Point, Virginia, in firing the great Floyd gun, is in lumps as large as hickory nuts, and almost as hard as granite.

If that's what they call "powder" at Old Point, we should suppose that good stuff for macadamising roads might be taken from any average Old Point hour-glass. Think of the snuff made at Old Point, too!—why the Old Pointers who take it must be double-nosed pointers. And then the Dover's Powders at Old Point, and the vermifugitive powders, and, O dear! the salt—all in "lumps as large at hickory nuts, and almost as hard as granite." Reflecting, thus, upon the existing idea on the subject of powder in general at Old Point, our mind is lost in endeavoring to realise the probable average dimensions of a lump of sugar, in that Brobdignagian locality.

Drill for Dinners.

The dailies are in trouble. The Republican Governor declined to invite his Publican General to dine with the Prince, because the General "keeps a hotel" instead of selling codfish and molasses, which is infinitely more respectable, You Know. The spirit of the publicans is aroused, and it is very probable that Governor MORGAN for having cut his staff in October will be allowed to cut his stick in January. Our military contributor thinks that if this case is to be made a precedent, it will soon be a rule at table as it is in tactics, that the post of honor is occupied by the Left Company.



DEPLORABLE RESULT OF LINCOLN'S ELECTION.

AS DEPICTED BY THE *HERALD* AND *EXPRESS*.

ON THE HOUSE-TOP HORACE GREELEY IS, OF COURSE, SEEN FIDDLING OVER THE RUINS OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY. TO THE LEFT YOU BEHOLD THE PURE-MINDED AND UPRIGHT J. G. B. SHUTTLING UP SHOP, PREPARATORY TO RETURNING TO HIS NATIVE LAND. COWS GRAZE IN FULTON STREET. DESOLATION EVERYWHERE, AND THE WORLD DONE FOR GENERALLY.

UL-TRE-MONTANI.

My Vanity:—According to Dr. BACON, the principal item of belief in the creed of your friend Dr. HOLMES, is, that he "believes in Boston."

There be others, oh VANITY of VANITIES, who not only hold the same omniverous faith, but grasp at bolder marvels. Like that of St. THOMAS their creed begins: *Credo quia absurdum est.*

They believe pugnaciously in the Present of Boston. They believe ferociously in its Future. They believe severely in its Greene *Post*—and they believe—oh, how they *do* believe in its Verdant Past.

To tell the truth there *are* three or four good stories looming out of that Past.

Some years ago there took place in B—n an annual highly colored festival at which the mulatto element in our midst, (by the way what *is* our Midst?) spread itself "co-extensively and metaparegorically" on toasts. The Mulatto, You Know when not otherwise engaged in yellow neckerchers, and thunder-pattern shirt-collars, runs violently to Toasts. Among the propounded was the following comp. to an Ex-Governor.

"De mantle-piece ob CALEB STRONG—may it fall on de head ob he predecessor!"

Ah, Bosson neber cums up to dat now-a-days. Do he? Dat's all.

Yours affectionately,

PETRA.

Our Social Scale.

That thing—our Social Scale—is going to give trouble. Ever since the advent among us of a Prince Royal, there seems to be a screw loose in it, somewhere; and somebody is sure to be pinched if that screw comes to be tightened up. Our Social Scale wouldn't allow MITCHELL, of Albany, hotel-keeper, to dine with Governor MORGAN when he fed the Prince, although MITCHELL is a Quarter-Master-General, and a prominent member of the Governor's staff. The *Herald*, in these distressing circumstances, undertakes to speak for MITCHELL; but, in doing so, makes either a bad blunder or a bad pun, no matter which, saying that the fact of MITCHELL keeping a hotel should be "no Bar to his reception at any table in this free and enlightened country." This allusion to the "shop" is the reverse of polite—it is revolting. Our opinion is that the military rank did the business, not the hotel; for we have reason to know that THURLOW WEED, who undertook to Nettle MITCHELL, so as to "choke him off" from the dinner, did so by note, to the effect that as he, MITCHELL, was "only a ¼ Master-General, he couldn't be considered as a gentleman, and had better confine himself, therefore, to keeping a hotel."

THE POPE AND SULTAN.

A badgered life the Pope doth hold,
He lives with ANTONELLI bold;
On Peter's Pence he pays his way;
French soldiers guard him every day.

Per Bacco! 'tis a wretched lot,
For GARIBALDI loves him not;
And soon from Rome he'll have to flee;
The Pope, the Pope I would not be.

The Sultan rolls in borrowed wealth,
But rather stumbles in his health,
A Harem-scare'em life leads he—
Yet does not live in jollity.

By Allah! how his money flies,
While ABDUL MEDJID's buildings rise!
Peace in his Harem he can't know—
Sir HENRY BULWER scolds him so!

Their separate Fortunes are so small,
I wouldn't share them—not at all:
But would to this right soon agree,
That Pope and Sultan banished be.

A HINT TO OFFICE-HOLDERS.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

YE WAYES OF YE FRESHMANNE.

FRESHEMAN is of ye grass, grassie. He is a particular lie greene branche of ye familie tree. He possesseth a fayth unwaverynge in ye alledgede compositionne of ye moone demoninated ye greene cheese, accountynge for ys lacteali characteristicke by ye phenomenonne of ye "cowe that jumped over ye moone," which hee dyde learnne from Motherre Goose herre booke, wythe whome hee betrayeth an intymate ande recente acquayntance. Hys beliefe ys notte shakenne in ye traditionelle "shippe," whose "commynge inne" was bye hys nursse made basis of ye prospective enormouse expenditurre, ande ye propheticke extravagantte outelaye uponne herre "ducke" ande darlynge; all of which smacketh of ye nurserie. Ye Freshmanne smoketh notte ye weede. He knoweth notte of ye whiskeye-skinne, or ye cocketaile; hee is oblivious of ye "THOMASSE and JEREMIAH."

Ye Witless Freshmanne thinketh that ye College is a place for studie, that hee goeth there for the purpose of acquirynge usefulle knowledge. Hee leaveth ye paternelle mansionne wythe a teare in hys eye; hee departeth wythe ye newwe shirte ande ye plumm cake in his trunke. Hee commeth to ye citie. Hee getteth himselfe outen ye carres in a darke hole called ye *dèpot*. Hee perceiveth ye Sophomore, ye friend of ye Freshemanne, standynge nighe untoe himme. Ye kind friende of ye Freshemanne, wythe manie otherre kinde friendes, asketh if hee commeth to ye College. Hee replieth in milde ande gentle tonne, "YEA." He findeth that ye replie exciteth ye numerous Sophomores, ande one grabbeth ye greene Freshemanne bye ye legge, another graspeth in an uncomfortable mannerre ye shouldere, a thirde taketh himme uppe in hys armes, ande draggeth himme awaye fromm otherre two. A dozenne pulle himme ande haule himme untille hee becometh exceedyngelie redde in ye face, and wrothe wythe ye indignitie, ande thenne sufferre himme notte to departe in peace untille hee promiseth to joine ye beste of ye two Societies. Hee walketh outte in ye beautifulle citie wythe ye Sophomore, ye Freshemanne, his friende. Hee believeth ye Sophomore whenne he telleth himme that ye State-Housen is ye Chapelle of ye College where ye studentes assemble everie morninge and eveninge to studie or amuse themselves, for a fewe minutes with manie a harmelesse quipp ande joyfulle pranke, while ye Presidente reades in ye Goode Booke, ande ye studentes in ye gallerie who thinke they canne singe, butte who are chosenne by ye Facultie because they are ye ugliest and moste ille-favoured to prevente ye faire-maidennes who comme on ye Sabbathe to ye Chappelle from being strickenne wythe ye tendere passionne, while these, I doe saye, doe make a bigge noise in ye choire, ye Presidente prayes. Ande thenne they putte downe their heades ande studie ye mornynge lessonne and whenne ye Presidente stoppes ye heades flye uppe and ye devotionnes of ye studente are ended. Hee questionneth not ye assertionne of ye ye Sophomore whenne hee telleth himme that hee muste sitte uppe alle ye longe nighte ande studie ye lawes of ye College. Hee procureth from ye landladie a cuppe of stronge tea, ande hee peruseth ye Lawes of College, alle righte. Hee learneth that the studente must notte drinke anie of ye intoxicatynge beverages, that hee muste eat nothynge in anie tavernne, that hee muste keepe awaie fromme ye theateres, that hee muste notte have cardes nor playe billiardes, nor ryde oute uponne ye mudde in ye verie deepe harbore in saile-boates withoute permissionne of ye College its Presidente, alle of which he resolveth to obeye, which he doeth for the space of three weekes.

Ye Freshemanne commenceth his studies. Hee burneth ye oile of middenighte. Hee sitteth himself downe after ye mornynge recitationne. Hee riseth outie at ye noone recitationne. He spendeth ye afternoone in studie. Hee goeth atte itt aftere ye supperre. Hee wondereth why ye Sophomore laugheth atte himme. Hee knoweth notte that ye Sophomore understandeth ye meanynge of college educationne. Ye Freshemanne, his eye-teethe are notte cutte. He knoweth notte howe to make ye tutore thinke that hee studieth whenne hee doeth it notte. Hee is ignorante that ye tutore has ye appointment of ye office, soe that hee maye gette alle ye worke he canne outen ye studente, ande ye studente came to ye College to "gette rounde" ye tutore. Soe hee studieth wythe exceedynge zeale untille hee findeth outte his greate mistake ande thenne hee trieth various dodges, to humbugge ye tutore.

Ye Freshemanne goeth to hys prayeres. Hee ariseth while it is yette dawne ande paceth ye College Greene. Hee is notte late atte ye services. Hee goeth alsoe to ye evenynge prayeres. Hee sitteth himselfe quietlie downe while ye belle rings. Ye belle stoppeth. Hee heareth an exceedynglie greate ande terrificke noise behinde himme. Hee thinketh ye anciente salvages have brokenne intoe ye Chappelle. Hee expecteth ye tomahawke. He quaketh. Hee reassureth himselfe, whenne hee looketh arounde. It is ye Sophomore ande ye Juniore ande ye Seniore comynge intoe prayeres.

Ye Freshemanne laboreth underre ye hallucinationne that hee ys a manne. Hee even believeth that hee has a ryghte to bee of ye verdante complexionne wytheoutte beynge convinced of itte bye ye "hazynge" att ye handes of ye Sophomores. Hee perceiveth notte ye morale lessonne involved inne ye beynge pulled outen ye bedde atte midde-nighte, ande hee faileth to reckognize ye promotionne, hys wealfare generallie inne walkynge ye streetes blindefolded, inne havynge ye haire of hys heade shorne therefromme, orre in sittynge downe inne ye basinne of colde watere, Hys prejudyced eye looketh uponne hys Sophomoricke teacherres as rowdies ande thus hee misseth ye complete disciplinne which suche lessonnes afforde.

Ye Freshemanne frequentlie thinketh of hys parentes and writeth untoe themme. Hee telleth of hys joies ande sorrowes, ande howe hee antycipateth ye valedictorie. He receiveth as a rewarde anotherre installmente of ye plume-cake ande pumpkine-pye,

Ye Freshemanne looketh forwarde to ye tyme whenne ye catalogue shall be imprinted ande hee shall beholde hys name forre ye firste tyme inne printe. Hee, purchaseth fiftie, ande ye Sophomores do steale themme alle fromm himme. Hee bewaileth hys mysfortunnes and procureth more. Hee thinketh that ye Sophomores are thieves. Hee forgetteth that hee ys onlie a Freshemanne ande has noe ryghte to keepe ye catalogue. Itte taketh one yeare for ye Freshemanne to learne that anie Freshemanne what everre ys noebodie. Whenne hee ys a Sophomore he believeth itte.

Suche are ye wayes of everie Freshemanne, bee hys name SMYTHE whose surname ys JONE, or JONNES, wythe ye preffxe TOMME, or ROBINSONNE, ye sailynge of which wythe ye christianne name JACKE ys made ye standarde of inappreciable tyme. Ye Freshemanne ys ye same everiewhere.

"Save the Pieces."

We hear with regret that J. B.'s friend Mr. COBB (not the one who writes for It, but the Secretary of the Treasury,) is about to withdraw from circulation that useful little member of the currency, the Gold Dollar. Whatever the enemies of the administration may say of its other measures, this one certainly has not been dictated by a love of Change. We suppose our tasteless Mint will get us up instead, something in the singularly nasty style of the new cent.

Horrible thought!

"*Infandum renovare Dolorem!*"

J. B., you have given us a good deal of trouble on an average, pray during the Rest of your term (a long rest, we fondly trust) let us have this little piece.

A Fire Eater's Solution of the present political troubles.

Dis-solution.

Only one Story.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

An Ex-chequered Career.

Secretary COBB's.

OUR EXTRA PARIS LETTER.

SPUYTENTUYFEL ABROAD.

ANITY Vanity:—ADSUM—"I am present," as the devil says when evoked—that is to say am with you in the spirit, though, corporeally far away in Paris o'er the sea.

I say Paris—because it's the town name. That's all. In other respects it's no more the old Paris of my student days, than that was the Lutetia Mud-town of the old Gauls. *My* old Paris is being pulled out in large lumps and crumbled to pieces. Stood yesterday for an hour in Latin Quarter, seeing houses knocked down like persimmons after frost. Rip went the walls!—I saw the room where HORTENSE and CORALIE used to boil red wine and sugar with me at night, and cook breakfasts (with the tongs for a gridiron) in the morning, go rolling down in company with two parlors and an alcove—all bringing up in a fearful crash and a storm of lime dust!

Feelings!—yes you'd better believe it—a fellow has 'em when he sees such scenes of by-gone and high old times, literally going to thunder—at least let down by the run with the thund'riest kind of a noise. Fortunately CAROLINE was with me. She observed that I was emotioned, and sympathized deeply when I explained. If there ever *was* a sympathetic brick it's CAROLINE.

In her kindness of heart and superiority to all vulgar prejudices and confined ideas, she had the angelic amiability to suggest hunting up some of my old friends—hinted that the police might aid me. Privately thought so myself if the old friends aforesaid had kept on in the paths in which I left 'em, but said nothing—only squeezed the hand of my queen and re-entered carriage—humming:

"Dans un gwenier on est heweux a vingt ans."

Having finished this Sensation, went to dinner for a new one. Party of Americans—old Paris settlers—heard it suggested that a new American café soon to be opened here should be christened either the LOWELL, the SAXE or the HOLMES? Fancy the "*Cafe au Jaques R. Lowell. Absinthe et tabac de la reine.*" Imagine the *Salle de O. W. Holmes—Specialité de Bourbon wiski et cigares de Virginie.* (They sell such things out here.) Picture to yourself finally Monsieur SAXE as the tutelar of a shrine where jolly pilgrims from Columbia may assemble and sherrycobblerize and whiskeypunchify the live-long night. We would have had his picture by LEUTZE or ELLIOTT at one end of the tavern, and kept the cigar lamp and punch bowl directly before the good saint. It would not be a bad idea, beloved VANITY, to have such shrines erected to eminent Americans all over Europe. The one to LOWELL ought though, by rights, to be kept somewhere in *Theleme*—the monastery of fair dames with many beautiful cousins, and of all brave-hearted joyous Bon Gaultiers. There would be, far into the perfumed night, tinkling of lutes and the moving of small feet in the dance—*vive la vallera*, sing and rejoice With claret and sherry, Theorbo and voice. Through the long lazy summer day under green leaves, lulled by ever dropping fountain show'res—with my head in thy lap, oh, GLORIANA, of my golden hour—and thy feet in mine oh, SAPPHO!

"Look away! look away
Look away! look away!
Den I wish I was in Dixey's land,
Oh, oh, oh
In Dixey's land I'll take my stand,
And live an' die in Dixey's land—
Away, away, away,
Away down Souf in Dixey."

More or less—as the case may be. Should I come across Theleme in my travels, dear VANITY FAIR, *there* will I dedicate the temple-café to LOWELL—and not to any other man.

FRED COZZENS! The *Cabaret Cozzens—or Estaminet Cozzens*—that would be a good thing to have in the country—somewhere a man could have a "big drain" handy. Say on the Johannisberg. I'd like to see SPARROWGRASS keep *that* hotel. Somewhatually. By the wine divine!—by Saint VENUS when BACCHUS makes her blush—by the dear good sweet nuns of Saint ROSALIE in *Roberto*, when they rise to life and begin to sip their infernal Burgundy—how we *would* bowl down the bottles in the Chateau COZZENS! And THEN.

"Rip, snap! set her up again!
Rip, snap! set her up again!
Rip, snap! set her up again!
We're all of the Choctaw tribe."

The Café ALBERT PIKE for the repose of holy pilgrims should be at Baden-Baden. There all cleaned out good fellows, should be entertained free, and cured of the bloody scratches of the Tiger. "And she cured divers gentlemen of the St. JOB sickness by putting a purse with eleven thousand gold crowns in it into their pockets." Saith RABELAIS. There should they nurse the invalids.

"Now when his money all was gone he took unto his bed,
And the chambermaid, who had a great affection for him, with her arm held up his head."

That *would* be a popular café. Confound it all—why can't good fellows be always set up again when tilted over! I wouldn't mind being caved in about once a week myself, if there was only some place, by way of a change, where the game was always open and every man only need say *va banque*! as an Open Sesame to bust it! Where the red always won!

The *hospice de* SAINT LONGFELLOW should of course be stuck up on Mount Bernard, on or about the spot where our young friend EXCELSIOR was friz. There pilgrims might find milk and German pancakes, with a cushion for their orisons. HAWTHORNE should have his'n—say down in the catacombs—at present irreverently termed by American artists in Rome the Cattle Combs.

And MISS PRESCOTT!

Ah!—Mlle. PRESCOTT should have—but what place is dreamy and gorgeous and tenderly sensuous and loveable enough to do sufficient honor to one whose Amber Gods belong to a more exquisite fairy-land, a more bewildering Olympus than any which those cold immortals in the Vatican ever came from. The Lord bless her! through the entire litany of his best blessings! Right in LESBOS would I stick the *Café alla Santa* PRESCOTT—and there—could they be re-discovered—should true hearts drain from Iona goblets those Rosicrucian-stilled draughts of intensest rapture which once be-drunkened the Son of the Valley. And the Harp Girls who play for pence in *that café* should be the Lost Tones of the Slavonian music-god, which go ever wandering as beautiful shadow-maids of violet mist through the Elfin land.

"She . . . . . .
Like an eagle o'er a foaming sea,
. . . . . .
. . . . . brave CARMEN,
The light of life and death."

MADONNA *mia!*—when I sing that song out—when I learn it all—I shall be quite ready to die. It is full of the rarest gleams of my best ideals—*ça veut dire* my dreams, of course—my dainty, sorrowful, most exquisite shadow-forms, which thrill fine as the thread with which a ghost-lady stitches—between the tinkling of Aïsha's ancle rings (that is to say cascarilla and rose,) and the violet-flute-tones of eighteen. (These last are to me *very* painful.) Well, in that last hour, "When the Spirit and the Bride say come"—*then* I shall remember the whole verse and be led by *la* CARMEN over the bridge Al Sirat into an eternal Paradise of ° ° °

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

Zach.—"LOOK HERE, POMP: DIS HEAW PAPER SAYS—'SUCKEMSTANCES MAY YIT PREVENT BALDIGARRY FROM GITTIN' INTO ROOM'—WHAT'S DE MEANIN' OB SUCKEMSTANCES?"

Pomp.—"SUCKEMSTANCES?—YAAS. DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY IT'S A WORD DEY HAB OBER DERE FOR NIGGERS!"

True Blue!

Perhaps you don't believe there is such a thing as Blue Dog—if so, read the following from a country paper:

LOST, a Blue Skye Terrier Dog, with "Archibald Weir, Malvern Link," engraved on the collar.—The above reward will be given to any one bringing it to Barnfield."

After that we will admit "Blue Devil" to be a possible beast. But, in case the other does not turn up won't the advertiser be content with a Sky Blue Terrier?

A Pretty Set.

We have seen an advertisement stating that the "Supper Set" which appeared at the Prince of Wales banquet in the Academy of Music, is on constant exhibition at a store in Broadway.

Why don't the old muffs go back to their Chamber of Commerce, instead of making a show of themselves like BARNUM'S atrocities.

Anatomical.

A new play was produced at one of our Broadway Theatres, lately, with the title of "The Dead Heart." From the nature of the audiences at the said theatre on the nights when this piece is played, we should imagine that something called "The Dead Head," would be infinitely more popular.

Con. by a Chiropodist.

Why was it very strange for JOHN BUNYAN to be the author of *Pilgrim's Progress?*

Because all other bunions that ever were heard of *impede* the progress of pilgrims.

Acknowledge the corn, eh?

The first part of the Game of Life.

Cribb-age.

---

c'est entre nous. Well, I've made a fine beginning of the week, as the man said when he was to be hung on Monday morning. (Still he might have done worse—for we have good authority for asserting that it is unlucky to be hung on a Friday.) Let me conclude for the benefit of all our dancing readers with an excellent story which I first heard a week ago in the *rue du Bac* if it *does* appear in the *Figaro* of this morning.

Young ladies—BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL asks you affectionately with his paternal hand on your virgin heads—do you know what it is, *vendre beurre*,—to sell butter?

It is to play wall flower and not dance; to sit still waiting and waiting for customers, like a market maid with her butter.

A nice business, isn't it? One of large profits. Rapid.

"But *I* never sell butter," quoth MLLE. DE COUVREUSE lately.

"And how not?"

"Easy enough, my dear. I always, if I can, at a party sit in a corner near a mirror. Soon there comes up some beau—he looks at himself—he can't help it—my dear you've no idea how many young men can't help it—ten to one he smiles as I catch him looking—and then to make me think that he didn't come to the glass only to look at himself—he asks me to dance!"

To be sure, dear VANITY, this is better calculated for young Frenchmen than our boys at home. But 'twill wash well in the Av— and not badly in Walnut Street, or in Monument Square, or on Capitol Hill—and so on down Souf. But CAROLINE wants me, and what *she* wants I supply promptually and punct.

As ever,

BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL.

A Revival.

An elegant newspaper writer, describing one of the Saturday concerts at the Central Park, says:

Here the people gathered, drinking down the melody discoursed by the band.

This carries one away back to the good old time when honest folk swigged their tipple out of Horns.

HURRAH BOYS!

At a recent meeting of the Board of Education the

"Committee on studies and school books, to whom was referred the subject of altering the method of teaching or giving out lessons in the Primary Schools, presented a report, accompanied by a series of resolutions which provided that hereafter no lessons should be given to the children which were to be studied at home; that the lessons to the Primary Department should be given in the class-room, and no books whatever given to the children of the Primary Department; and that, in the Grammar Schools, the teachers shall be required to occupy two hours in each day in preparing the scholars for the lessons to be recited on the subsequent day; and that no teacher shall be permitted to give out lessons that will take more than one hour."

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Whew! We distinctly believe that so much good sense was never before contained in so small a space as that taken up by the paragraph above quoted. Sakes alive! What a healthy, intelligent, respectable, hard-working generation the one just now rising will be! Only think of it! Stout, red-cheeked, broad-shouldered, energetic and Americans! What under the sun will the M. D.'s do about all this? That's the query. They'll starve and take hearses for heaven. Ditto the undertaker; ditto the apothecaries; ditto the cemetery stock companies. Really the only way of disposing of the surplus population which must inevitably result from the wise plan proposed by the committee, will be to request the most backward of our youth to become physicians, druggists or sextons, in order that they may be brought to penury and want, and *perhaps*, the graveyard.

By our Sparring Contributor.

We have all heard the human head described as a cocoa-nut. Since the prize-ring has added to our scientific vocabulary have not craniology and conk-ology become identified?

A STUDY IN THE ANIMAL SCHOOL.

DEAD RABBIT AND DOG.

THE CITY GUARD.

LETTER FROM VANITY FAIR TO LORD PALMERSTON.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

MY DEAR.—Permit me to address you with a few brief remarks, on the subject of the projected invasion of England by our irrepressible New-York City Guard and a band of music.

I have just had the pleasure of perusing the letter dictated by your lordship to my friend ASHLY; in reply to that of ADJUTANT COPPINGER, requesting information as to the etiquette prevailing in England with regard to the international pic-nics of military volunteers.

I say the *pleasure* of perusing your lordship's letter, because it is redolent of friendly sentiment, and of hospitable allusion to the figurative bread and salt.

Bread and salt—metaphorically, of course, and subject to unlimited extension, such as *pâté de Strasbourg* and Green Seal—are excellent things; but then you tie up your bread-bag so tightly with red tape, my lord, while your salt-box is conspicuously secured with a ligature of the same material, that censorious people here are indulging in hilarity at your lordship's expense, maintaining that you tremble for an invasion of your larder by the *mus Americanus*, or American rat; or, practically speaking, fear lest a muss of some kind or another should result from a visit to England of one hundred stalwart citizen-soldiers of New-York and a band of music.

At the date of your letter above referred to, your youthful Prince had not yet regained the bosom of his royal family, from his cis-Atlantic perils by field and flood and ball-room floor. Therefore your lordship had not then enjoyed the benefit of his opinion with regard to the New-York City Guard. You had, of course, been to the Haymarket, to see JOHN BROUGHAM in his truthful personation of Montezuma; and had naturally, perhaps, pictured the body of volunteers in question as consisting of about seventy-five JOHN BROUGHAMS in Montezuma, ten Kickapoo Rangers and a band of music.

But your lordship knows better by this time. The Prince has told you that Montezuma is dead, and wasn't a member of the City Guard while he was alive; as well as that the Kickapoo Ranger is an animal rather less commonly to be met with in New-York than the Kangaroo is upon the summits of the Grampian Hills. His Royal Highness has probably informed you, in a chatty, confidential way, that BLYTHELY, full private in the City Guard, reminds him a good deal of BOB SAWBRIDGE, Captain in H. R. H.'s "own regiment," the Tenth Hussars. Also how he wanted BAGGAWLY of the Guard to go over to England, and take a commission in his "Governor's own regiment," the Eleventh. His Royal Highness will tell you that BOOLE is not a member of the City Guard—a fact which may be taken without restriction and cannot be too often repeated. You shall ere this have learned from the Prince, that cannibalism is unknown in the City Guard.

In view of the last fact, and of the broad principle involved in the international pic-nic, it is to be hoped that your lordship will decide upon removing the red-tape from the nozzle of the British bread-bag, and liberating the British salt-box from its ligature of the same material; so that, ere the rose of England has bloomed fully upon the summer of 186-, the British Volunteer may be warmed into brotherhood by a sight of the New-York City Guard in full panoply—with a band of music.

Your lordship's obedient servant,

Vanity Fair.

LEDGER DEMAIN.

"BONNER A CRITIC. The last New York *Ledger*, contains an account of the Battle of Lake Erie by the historian BANCROFT. Mr. BONNER certifies in his advertisement, that this article "combines the accuracy of mathematics with the interest of romance." One advantage which our eminent men of letters derive from contributing to the *Ledger*, is the profound criticism of their merits by the publisher in his tasteful advertisements."

We clip the above from The Boston *Transcript*, and wish our sprightly little friend to understand that we protest against it. For if "the eminent men of letters" who wrote for It—(what a world of suggestiveness there is in that mysterious impersonal pronoun!) do not complain of BONNER, we see no reason why any body else should. BONNER has bought the aforesaid E. M. O. L., and shall not he do what he please with his own? He is a tradesman and should not be blamed for trying to sell his wares. If his wares are bad—but there is no *if* in the case—it is his misfortune and not his fault, poor fellow! for he pays the best prices in the market, and every generous nature ought to pity him. We do, most sincerely, and in our humble way, will do all we can to help him along. As a proof of our good will we offer him a summary of the characteristics of his writers whom he has not yet described. It will answer for his next "tasteful advertisement," and serve as a sort of supplement to his criticism on BANCROFT. *Voila, mon cher!*

The romance of Mr. COBB combine the intense pressure of hydraulics with the tropical coruscations of the Aurora Borealis!

The touching melodies of Miss CAREY mingle the certainty of the multiplication table with the melancholy grandeur of the desert!

The wit of Mr. PRENTICE blends the solid superstructure of metaphysics with the eternal sublimity of the Pyramids!

The leaves of FANNY FERN join the pregnancy of the potato salad to the sharpness of the steel trap!

The novels of Mrs. SOUTHWORTH fuse the detail of the Flemish school with the undescribable horrors of the French Revolution!

The songs of General MORRIS combine the effects of a powerful emetic, with the resplendence of the milky way!

BONNER, VANITY FAIR is thy Good Genius.

A NEW THING IN BODIES.

"The annual course of Cynical lectures at Bellevue Hospital was inaugurated by an introductory address from Dr. J. W. FRANCIS, president of the medical board of the hospital." *World. Some day last week.*

This announcement springs upon us an entirely new order of things in medicine. The juxtaposition of cynicism and physiology made by Dr. FRANCIS cannot fail to produce the most novel and pleasing results. In medical nomenclature, no doubt these results will be uncommonly felicitous. Henceforward the femur and ferocity will be inseparably connected; professional talk will run upon the snarling scapula no less than upon the carping chyle, while the maxillaries of misanthropy, it is to be hoped, will receive due attention. DIOGENES, founder of the cynical school, can not refuse to preside in spirit over the dissection-tables of Bellevue, and THACKERAY, its modern apostle, will surely lift his lungs in behalf of the new system.

P. S. Young WHATDYECALLEM who has just come in, dashes the festive fabric of our fancy to the ground by assuring us that it is a "Clinical" not a "Cynical" lecture, in all the other papers.

World, hire a proof-reader at once, even if you have to cut down the pious editor's salary!

Buried in the Mould.

Tallow.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Received at the Office of Vanity Fair,

For the week ending Saturday, Nov. 10, 1860.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

THE GREAT PREPARATION; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh: By Rev. John Cumming, D. D.; F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden: author of "The Great Tribulation," etc. First series. One vol. 12mo. pp 259. Price $1.00.

THE MORAL HISTORY OF WOMEN: From the French of Ernest Legouve of the *Academie Francaise*, Lecturer in the College of France, author of "Edith De Falsen," "Le Work Bizarres," "Les Viellards," "Adrienne Leouvreur," "Medee, a tragedy," etc., etc., etc. Translated from the Fifth Paris Edition, by J. W. Palmer, M. D. 1 vol. 12mo. pp 343.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: By Hon. Edward Everett 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 348.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMILY C. JUDSON: By A. C. Kendrick, D D., 1 vol. 12mo. 426 pp. Price $1.25.

FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS: By Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church N. Y. 1 vol. 251 pp. Price 60 cents.

STORIES OF SCOTLAND AND ITS ADJACENT ISLANDS: By Mrs. Geldart, author of "Worth is Everything," etc. etc. Price 50c.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

HOPES AND FEARS; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

PRAYING AND WORKING; or, Christian Life in Germany in the Nineteenth Century. By W. F. S.

THE GOLD THREAD: A Story Book for the Young. By Norman Macleod, D.D. With illustrations.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE; or, Bible Records of Remarkable Conversions. By the Rev. Adolph Saphir, South Shields.

THE STORY OF THE MISSION FIELDS. How they were Planted and how they prospered. By the Rev. Thomas Smith, A. M., Edinburgh.

S. S. & W. WOOD, NEW YORK.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF OBSTETRICS. By G. S. Bedford, A. M., M. D.

INFANT FEEDING, and its Influences on Life. By Charles H. Routh, M. D.

A Book about Doctors. By J. E. Jeaffreson, Esq.

THE SIGNS AND DISEASES of PREGNANCY. By T. A. Tanner, M. D.

QUACKERY UNMASKED. By D. King, M. D.

ON CONGENITAL MALFORMATION OF THE RECTUM AND ANUS. By W. Bodenhamer, M. D.

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"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high meral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.'" Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

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